

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA
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OCTOBER 31 1928
FIVE CENTS

THE CARMELITE

VOLUME I

NUMBER 38

DISCOVERY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

"This is the unconscious," said Dr. Jung when he gazed for the first time into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

Dr. Baynes, whose lecture last Saturday evening we report here is a follower of the Jung school of psychology. Psychology, says Dr. Baynes, deals with mind as a psychical field entirely apart from body. This psyche is two-fold, made up of the conscious and unconscious mind.

The conscious mind, or consciousness, is an awareness of the relation between self and some state or object which is observed. It is a grouping of ideas around the idea of self.

Dr. Baynes further described consciousness as a field of light through which pass external and internal objects. Only those objects covered by this field of light are real; all beyond is the unconscious.

In dealing with the unconscious Dr. Baynes differentiated between the personal unconscious and the racial unconscious. Some of these experiences are repressed and cannot be easily reproduced because they are painful to the consciousness. It is these repressions that are the cause of neuroses.

The Freudian method attempts to cure a condition of neurosis by freeing one of all personal unconsciousness by bringing out and re-valuing all past experiences. Freud was convinced through his experiments upon the insane, and other neurotics, that the contents of the unconscious were of a sexual character. Jung questioned this theory.

It was Freud who discovered the analytical way of healing disease. Jung went a step farther when he discovered that not all complexes are the result of some personal past experience, but that some are the result of an inherited racial unconsciousness.

All the ancient myths of primitive peoples are the outgrowth of racial unconsciousness which is the pooled experience of the race.

The next lecture is on Saturday evening of this week at the Sunset School at 8:00, and the subject is "The Nature and Meaning of Dreams."

PAINTER, POET, PIONEER



CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD
From a photograph by Johan Hagemeyer

NIGHT AND THE DESERT

Flocks of Stars across the night fly over.
The moon floats down to lovely lucent death
On the far mountain. A child unto its mother,
I lay my head upon the breast of Earth.
She it was who bore me; and when all dwindleth,
Will give to me, her child, another birth.
Straight are her dumb, relentless lips to others;
But I can hear their soothing through the night;
"Be hushed my child—you too shall join the flight."
In the vast stillness a small cuckoo-owl
Flutes from his burrow to the lagging moon.
As a fly at a window-pane my soul
Feels its littleness in the cosmic bowl
And clings to the sure bosom; knowing soon
It will take care of me. Space wheels on
Toward the firm, indomitable peaks of dawn.

—Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

Carmel News

TAKE A 'BUS

The railroad commission has granted leave to the Southern Pacific Railroad to substitute busses for certain trains on the Monterey Peninsula. One commissioner, Carr, objected in vain that the board was considering the equities of the railroad and bus company it is starting instead of the public; and that this Monterey permission is a wedge to open the way to the railroad's Motor Transport Company everywhere. We, the people who travel, are helpless, but we can think and understand and be amused by reflection upon ourselves as mere traffic.

Note, first, that the railroad prefers to ship us by 'bus. This means that auto transport is cheaper than steam railroad transportation. That is why the busses are beating the railroads and why the railroads have to go into the motor traffic business. The State and the counties—the public builds and maintains the highways, the railroad builds and repairs the railways. State Socialism, which isn't Socialism, beats private capital; public credit is better than any private credit; we, the people, can borrow money cheaper than any corporation.

Note, second, that the State Railroad Commission, set up to represent the public as against the railroad, comes finally to represent the railroad. That is the meaning of what Commissioner Carr said when he protested that the "commission is looking after the equities of the operators rather than the interests of the public." It is always so. This is an old story. The theory that privileged capital can be regulated does not work. The police come to represent and protect the criminal, railroad commissions to take the railroads' side, Tariff commissions sympathise with the protectionists and so on.

Note, third, that we can't do a thing about it. The railroad and our railway commission decide whether we travel in the train or take the 'bus. They could formerly make us walk, if they wished. Now they can only drive us to drive in our own cars and eventually to fly. But—*

Note, finally that it is not our State, our politics, our laws that free us, but science, invention, economics. Not principles, justice, morality, but machinery and natural forces. The railroads should not only stick us in the 'bus, they should drive slow so as to give us time and cause to think; and, by the way, to save our roads.

CARMEL WRITERS, ACTORS AND ARTISTS SPEAK AT SMITH-FOR-PRESIDENT DINNER

Ninety-six people from the Peninsula attended the Smith dinner at Lincoln Inn last Thursday night, and more than seventy-five were turned away. Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Marie Gordon and Miss Katherine Cooke organized the affair.

Jo Mora, who had to hurry away for the first night of "The Bad Man," spoke a few words before he left. Then Louise Walcott told the story of the mismanagement of the cultivation of soy beans during the war and how, after the Food Administration had encouraged farmers to grow them at a certain price, the price went down and Hoover imported a million tons from Japan, thus ruining farms and farmers alike. "Hoover is thumbs down on the American farmer," said Mrs. Walcott, amid applause.

Then ex-Mayor B. F. Wright rose. "I am for Al Smith," he said "because he is for farm relief; because he is for modifying the 18th Amendment; because he will deal with the question of water and power sites; and because he is an American who will give every man a square deal." Mr. Wright then quoted Mr. Marvin, who had spoken the day before at the Hotel San Carlos, as saying that Smith had not got beyond the fifth grade, that he had worked in the Fulton fish market, and become a clerk in Tammany, and therefore could know nothing about government. The statement was greeted with laughter.

Holman Day told the experience of Maine with prohibition. He thought both candidates honest and able, but there was the one vital point of difference between them: whereas one would try and enforce what obviously could not be enforced, the other would recognize the facts and build his policy on them.

Lincoln Steffens then made a speech which was enthusiastically acclaimed, a speech from a different angle than the usual. He said that Catholics and Protestants who felt strongly on the religious issue, should all vote for Smith. The Catholic Church itself should be against Smith. "When my baby son was born in Italy," he said "I took a lot of trouble to register him as an American citizen in order that though born abroad he might not be disqualified for the Presidency of the United States. I do not expect him to be president; I simply could not have him suffer any disability whatsoever. Now every Catholic in this country is subjected, not by law, but by the bigotry of religious prejudice, to the humiliation of an actual disability to hold the highest office in the land. This is intolerable, and all Catholics should vote for Smith to remove this disability upon them.

On the Prohibition question Steffens said that though one must be careful during an election not to stir the mind, one should remind voters that we pay police-

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

October

31 Hallowe'en party—given by Troop 2 Girl Scouts at Sunset School Auditorium. Admission 10 cts.

November

1 Open Lecture—Residence of the Lincoln Steffens by A. R. Orage, on How to write. Admission a dollar.

2 Lecture—at the C. S. Greene studio, Lincoln near thirteenth, by A. R. Orage on Neo-Behaviorism.

3 Lecture—at Sunset School Auditorium Dr. H. G. Baynes at 8: p.m. Subject: "Function and Meaning of Dreams."

4 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

5 City Council Meeting — City Hall at 7:30 p.m.

Woman's Club Sections

1 Garden section—subject: "Continuous Blooming," at Mrs. Barling's home, 39 Cassanova Street at 10 a.m.

7 Book section—at Mrs. Ford's, Mission Mrs. Ford's, Mission and Eleventh.

men \$120 to \$150 a month to enforce prohibition and they can then make \$500 not to enforce it. Reformers could not reform things, he said, "because no reform can go anywhere without going too far." This is what happened when the U. S. tried to cure drunkenness. Mr. Steffens referred to his muckraking days and said "I discovered—I actually discovered a great truth in my investigations, from Tammany to Philadelphia, and what I discovered all by myself was that wherever there was a bribe-taker there was a bribe-giver." He said that under Hoover privileged business would be regarded as honest business and that that was precisely why he was afraid of Hoover's honesty. He quoted an old political boss who said of the young honest University men who had come into politics "Those fellows will do for nothing what I had to bribe the old skates to do."

Frank Sheridan wound up the meeting with a sincere appeal for religious tolerance. He loved his country and could not bear to see it grow narrow-minded.

THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928

ORAGE LECTURES IN CARMEL
THIS WEEK

There has been a change in the arrangements for the lectures to be given this week in Carmel by Mr. A. R. Orage. On Thursday evening of this week he will give a lecture, at the Lincoln Steffens' residence, at San Antonio and Ocean, on "How to Begin to Write." On the following evening, Friday, he will speak at the C. S. Greene studio, on Lincoln near Thirteenth, on aspects of modern psychology.

The lectures are public, with an admission fee of a dollar.

WHAT PRICE WAR?

"The Cost of War and Who Pays for It"—is the engrossing theme which Professor M. M. Knight of the University of California, Department of Economics will discuss, in a series of four talks, under the aegis of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Carmel Branch, beginning Friday, November ninth at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare, chairman of the League.

Professor Knight is one of the best informed educators on the coast on international situations, having spent several years in France and in her colonies, and considerable time in Germany during the worst of the 1923 crisis, as well as in the smaller countries in Southern Europe. To these experiences he brought an understanding and open mind, feeling as well as seeing the economic and social dramas unfolding before him.

Tickets, (fifty cents for each talk) may be had from Mrs. Teare, Ninth and Lincoln (northeast from the office of the Carmelite, or from Miss Eunice Gray, sec'y, Carmelo and Santa Lucia.

"FIRST NIGHT" AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH MOVIE

The Theatre of the Golden Bough opened last Wednesday as a movie house and had an excellent attendance. There was an air of excitement and expectancy as the visitors lined up at the ticket office. Gerald Hardy looked, and no doubt felt, like a producer on a first night.

In the foyer hung sketches of Rose Campbell, gardens and houses in Carmel and Monterey. They made waiting in the foyer as attractive as it was in the days when there was a play in the wings.

The first week's pictures were well chosen and Mr. Hardy has evidently made it his aim to get the best he can. He promises us "Sunrise," "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin, "White Shadows in the South Seas" and other first-class pictures, and if the first night attendance is any criterion, his venture will be a success.

PAINTER, POET, PIONEER

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, an original poem and portrait of whom we publish this week, is the son of a distinguished naval doctor. He was a West Point graduate and served in the old Indian army of the West. His father brought about the raising of the American flag over Monterey at the time of the Mexican war, and thus kept this town for America. For when the British fleet saw the stars and stripes they did not attempt to enter Monterey harbor.

Colonel Wood retired from the army to become one of the leading corporation attorneys of Portland, Oregon, and he practiced law many years; but he graduated out of that too. Always he was a painter and a poet and an extreme Liberal thinker and speaker; when he retired a few years ago, he chose of all the things he can do so artistically, to sing the songs of a poet.

It was during the suffrage campaign that he met Sara Bard Field to whom he is now married. They have recently built a beautiful stone house on a hill at Los Gatos, with two great white cats at the portals. The house is decorated by well-known San Francisco artists, Ray Boynton (who is in Carmel for the winter) having done a mural in the patio, and Ralph Stackpole a bas-relief in the living room. Many Chinese and Italian objets d'art decorate the rooms, but both prefer to buy from and encourage modern young artists rather than old dead ones. They have also an amazing collection of old and rare books and first editions.

Colonel Wood, who is 76, is gaining now a fame and name he has but indifferently courted. His "Heavenly Discourse," a volume of satirical sketches which appeared first in *The Masses*, has sold 75,000 copies; "The Poet in the Desert," his longest poem, till now appearing alone in a little paper volume, is to be reprinted, and publishers are seeking to collect and print his poems, essays and pieces which have for years appeared in periodicals.

WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE BELIEVE STILL IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

Dr. Carol Aronovici, editor of the Community Builder, and city planner of note, spent a fragment of the week-end here,—as much of it, that is, as is left to a man who is busy planning cities and towns up and down the coast. He is designing a new town at Morro Bay, on a magnificent bit of coastland north of San Luis Obispo. He is making the plan for Palo Alto; another for Richmond. While at the latter town, last week, Dr. Aronovici, who is an active member of the League to Abolish Capital Punishment, met with a number of its leading civic officials in committee,—and found that, although this town is nearest neighbor to San Quentin, our state penitentiary, only one out of these twenty believed in capital punishment. Not the city attorney, nor the chief of police.

PAGE THREE

Personal Bits . .

The Clair Fosters have returned to their Carmel home after an absence of four months in Massachusetts. Once more the radio tower at the end of Dolores Street will serve in daily conversations between Colonel Foster and his friends in the Antipodes,—in Siam, Africa, China. During the flight of "The Southern Cross," the first airplane to carry a radio over the oceans to Australia, Colonel Foster listened most of the night to the great storm that raged and sent forth incomprehensible sounds from wind-tossed radio antennæ. And from his Massachusetts home he has been listening, and answering, all summer to the voices of earth whispering through the air.

Mr. Edward Kuster, owner of the Golden Bough, is ill in New York City; has cancelled his sailing to Europe; and will be confined to his room for some weeks, we regret to report.

John Bovingdon and Jeanya Marling, dancers and artist-vagabonds, made a flying visit to Carmel again this week—wearing garments of their own weaving,—sandals they themselves had cut and sewn; and laughing as always the quiet laughter of folk who, out of the welter of our rigid and restless civilization, have found a way of life in which they remain free, whole, and singing.

WE ARE AFRAID BILL IS ON TO US

Mr. William Lovelace Miles, of Carmel and points north, south, east, and west, has cause for congratulation. A court decision in his favor this week establishes a new legal precedent; thus perpetuating his name in the history of law,—and also making him richer by several good thousands annually.

A bright party was immediately thrown to celebrate the fortunes of Mr. Miles, whose eligibility this material factor will no doubt subtly enhance. And indeed we note that ever since, this gilded youth has looked with suspicion upon feminine pursuits and wiles. Yes, we are afraid Bill is on to us.

A MOVING TALE

Dorothy Bassett and Anne Nash have moved their Garden shop. Moved it to where there's a real bit of garden. They'll be inside and outside of Sally's tea room, gardening and offering their garden wisdom and their flower things.

"But where's Sally going then?" somebody asked at that.

Why, she's going to stay right there,—her luncheons and teas simply enhanced by these floral presences. From now on we shall anticipate for the clever little tea house, already enchantingly set on Dolores, a frame of garden bloom.

The Movies

"SORRELL AND SON"

This was one of the better pictures. It was well acted and many of the characters were well drawn. But the picture stated that murder is permissible in certain cases; it states it to four million people and so simply and sympathetically that it does not hurt or cause argument. Young Sorrell, a successful surgeon, sees his war-wounded father dying before him in agony; they have been pals all their lives, and the son takes it upon himself to give the father an overdose of morphine.

The London and English country scenes were lovely, and soothing to an English exile.

* * * *

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"

Virginia Valli, who spent some time in Carmel last summer, and George O'Brien gave this picture such charm and good acting that, combined with the romantic story of Felix Riesenberg's best-selling novel, it was one of the best movies we have seen. The scene down the mine when the boiler burst was of almost futuristic design, photographically, and showed again as Metropolis and Dr. Caligari showed how great an architectural element enters into a well-photographed screen picture.

This week's program includes Harold Teen on Thursday, Driftwood on Friday and Saturday, taken from the novel of Richard Harding Davis, with Don Alvarado, who is supposed to take the place of the late Rudolph Valentino, The Magic Flame with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, (those film lovers now separated forever by marriage) and romantic Ramona with Dolores Del Rio.

* * * *

KING OF KINGS

Cecil B. De Mille production.

This picture, so much talked of, has probably been to most people something of a disappointment. The first part is made up so much of Sunday-school book tableaux and well-known paintings as Leonardo's Last Supper) that the drama was a little left behind. The Second part was much more moving, swifter and more dramatic. The Way of the Cross was a beautiful piece of work and extremely effective. An unpardonable piece of film insincerity however was the perfect marcel wave of H. B. Warner as the Christ, which hardly lost its gloss throughout the picture. To mention this is not blasphemy; to perpetrate it was lack of reverence.

But Cecil de Mille has paved the way for a better screen picture of the greatest story of the ages. There should be as many as there were paintings of the Madonna and Christ in the Middle Ages.

—E. W.

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HAROLD TEEN

Arthur Lake — Mary Brian
Alice White
Latest News Events

Friday, Nov. 2

DRIFTWOOD

By Richard Harding Davis
Featuring
Don Alvarado and Marceline Day

Saturday, Nov. 3

WOLF FANGS

Thunder (the dog)
Our Gang Comedy
Latest News Events

Sun., Mon., Nov. 4, 5

MAGIC FLAME

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky
Latest News Events

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, November 6, 7, 8

RAMONA

Dolores Del Rio in a story which takes you back to the old Mission days of California

Coupon books will be on sale November First

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6:30 P. M.

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The Theatre . . .

"THE BAD MAN" WINS

A tense, dramatic scene in Gilbert Jones' ranch house on the Mexican border, a moment of suspense, a preliminary pistol shot or two, and Pancho Lopez saunters in, leans in the open doorway and informs the occupants with most charming courtesy and a delectable accent that they are his prisoners.

Speaking purely for the feminine element in the audience at the Carmel Playhouse Thursday night, it became increasingly difficult to imagine anything more pleasant.

Jo Mora, as Lopez, was "the show." From the top of his arrogant head to the soles of his spurred boots, he was a swaggering, debonair, captivating Bad Man. His lines, colored with sudden changes of tempo, delicious rapidity, and a sensitive use of contrast in his voice, brought the stage quickly to life. Poised, balanced, and interestingly varied, his was a beautiful performance.

Among other members of the cast, there was a tendency to under-play, a weightiness and a lack of vitality caused by cues which were allowed to hang in mid-air, and a drag in tempo. The show as seen on the opening night needed speed and variety. Not even a miracle-man such as Pancho Lopez, who, in the course of a few moments, eluding lawful pursuers, made his way to a town somewhere in the hazy distance, robbed a bank, paid an almost foreclosed mortgage and announced his timely return by a pistol-shot which cleared the stage of an unnecessary husband—not even he could quite hold the performance up to the vitality required by this dramatic comedy.

Outstanding were the parts played by Talbert Josselyn as the meddlesome uncle (who, however, seemed occasionally to have his lines so ready as to preclude any necessity for thought), Byington Ford, one of the League's truest actors in the role of Morgan Pell, cold-blooded Wall Street financier and wife-beater, Paul Flanders who played the loyal cow-puncher easily and surely, and Elliot Durham, Lopez' right-hand-man.

Marion Ford, as Lucia Pell, was lovely to look at. With more bodily freedom and naturalness in the lines, which were inclined to be monotonous, she would enhance any stage.

The lighting and setting were characteristic of Richard and Rhoda Johnson's fine work.
—Tommi Thomson.

"THE DYBBUK" COMES TO THE PACIFIC COAST

"The Dybbuk" opens this week in San Francisco,—at the Temple Playhouse, with Irving Pichel in the leading part. The



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THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928

play is a magnificent Hebraic epic, a work of art, and will be worth driving up to see. It is being produced with the richness and the distinguished beauty which marked the production in Pasadena of "Lazarus Laughed."

Theatre-goers will be enthralled by the beauty, the dramatic sweep and vitality of the acting technique of the Temple Players in their production of "The Dybbuk." It is in striking contrast to much of the conventional style of the American theatre.

For example clock-like mechanistic movements of the groups replace the un-ordered irregular movements with which the average actor is familiar. The timing of such movements is as precise, though of course is of different pace, as that of the famous soldier in "Chauve Souris." The conventional easy careless movements and poses of our stage are sup-planted in "The Dybbuk" by postures and action having something of the angular grace of Javanese and Siamese dancers. Particularly effective is the grouping of two or three heads or figures into pictures. The effects are frequently quietly humorous, like clever caricatures, and at other times tragically and intensely dramatic. Contrasts in acting from one bit to another are aided by unusual lighting, exemplified by the shadows thrown on the synagogue walls in Act One. Simplified scenery is also used and instead of the complete sets and details of our elaborate American plays, a few well chosen details are used to convey an impression of the entire scene.

Music sets the mood of every act and every scene. All kinds of emotion are drawn forth by it. From the ecstatic love song and the dreamy reflective chant, to the wildly excited dance and the chant of triumphal ending, music colors the drama and enriches its beauty. These elements are largely influenced by the modern Russian stage, though they have been improved and amplified by Nahum Zemach and his Moscow Habima troupe. Theatre-goers will be given an extraordinary opportunity to see the last word in modern stagecraft in this great play.

The Youngest Set

Mrs. Boke is reading the Carmelite aloud to Professor Boke. She comes to the story of little Pete's announcement, made after hearing the story of Jack the Giant Killer, that he is going to be a giant; and she turns to ask her small grandson, listening, "John, now what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Oh," says John, "just John."

* * *

Felice Wyckoff (3) Pete Steffens (4) and Alice Kinsman (2½) were playing house at the Adobe Nursery School. Felice

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who was the mother, was called away and left her baby (Alice) with great reluctance.

"I'll take care of your baby until you come back" offered the teacher.

"Oh no," protested Pete with great earnestness, "I'm the Daddy. I must stay home to take care of the baby when the mother goes away."

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

A HALLOWEEN SPOOK

When the great sun sank behind the hill
And everything was still, so still
I ran in to sit beside my dad
When all of a sudden I heard a pad, pad
Of goblins feet as they ran to and fro,
And the fear inside me began to grow;
Just then mother called, "It's time for
bed."

And my heart stopped beating like a
lump of lead.
I slowly very slowly mounted the stairs,
And as I went, I said my prayers;
I got to the top and looked around
I listened and listened but not a sound,
I heaved a sigh and turned my head
But what was that I saw on my bed?
I gathered my courage and tossed my
head
And marched right over to that thing
on the bed,
I gave it a slap and it rolled to the ground
It turned out to be my little blood-hound!
—Barbara Lewis.

* * * *

HALLOWEEN

Pumpkin head, pumpkin head, there in
the dark
Pumpkin head shining and yellow
Glaring and staring to make the dogs
bark,
My! what a scary old fellow;
Big mouth just stretching a terrible grin
Oh, what's that terrible monster within?
Pumpkin head, pumpkin head, there in
the dark
My! what a scary old fellow?

—Kathleen Macleish.

HALLOWE'EN AT
THE ADOBE NURSERY SCHOOL

Preparations for Halloween went on apace at the Adobe Nursery and Primary School this week. Black witches on broomsticks hang in the windows (drawn by the older and cut out by the younger children). Invitations have been penned by the children, notably Jonathan Hately, and caps are being made. Large sheets of paper hang around the walls on which are written in large letters the recipes for cookies. These the children are making themselves, but before they make them they have to be able to read the instructions. Thus they learn to read without ever knowing they have "worked" at a "lesson." Work and play are indeed so intermingled at this little school, that the children may never afterwards be able to distinguish between them. Think of a race of men to whom work is play!

PAGE SEVEN

LINCOLN INN

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Lupine

Lupines are alike in their general preferences. They want plenty of sun and a very well-aerated soil. This causes them to flourish best in sand or gravel, even at the cost of fighting drought during a considerable part of the summer. The silvery hairiness of their leaves marks them as plants of the semi-desert, even if you find them in Pennsylvania or Kentucky. They are much given also to tremendous root-burrowings; a lupine bush a foot high may have roots five or six feet deep.

"Lupine" is a rather nice-sounding name, but it has a rather evil connection. It is derived from the Latin word for a wolf, and was applied to the plant because of an old notion that lupines robbed the soil of its nourishment. Of course the contrary is the case, for the lupine is a member of the bean family, which are now known to be enrichers of the soil.

The lupine, however, has been convicted of real crime in another direction, and that against creatures that are the immemorial victims of wolves. Cattle and sheep, especially in the West, frequently become poisoned from eating lupines, and die most distressfully. So perhaps the wolf-title may be allowed to adhere, though not for the reason that originally called it forth.

—Science Service.

The bolsheviks won, not because they were the nearest right, but because they were the nearest ready. —Lincoln Steffens.

The visceral wish follows the line of least resistance — through the cerebral or motor system. When it flows through the cerebral system the man is called an "introvert," and when through the motor system he is called an "extrovert" by the psycho-analysts.

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Peter's Paragraphs

Paris is interested in a band or gang of a thousand men and women who propose to put a stop to a practice which is ruining their theatres. This baneful practice is the selling out of chances to appear upon the stage in leading parts. Rich men, in love with girls with stage ambition, pay heavy sums to managers to prefer them. Some times they (these women) can act, more often they can't, and strangers wonder why such and such a pretty girl is allowed in a play at all, to say nothing of having a leading part. The friends know why. The one thousand Frenchmen, tired of it, plan, first, to remonstrate with managers; then, if not successful, to go into the show and boo the favorites off the stage. And Frenchmen and women can boo-o-o. They can claquer too. But the claquers applaud for pay; also from the rich man; but the Boo-ers, being volunteers and numerous, can beat the encores. The political system which has got into the theatres of Paris and France will have to call on the police.

In this country we have progressed only to the point reached by England where the rich marry (or whatever) the girls the managers pick for the stage. France, where the rich pick the girls and "fix" the manager is ahead of us, in time.

Soviet Russia is publishing a list of concessions offering to outside capitalists to come into Russia and develop, and Western newspapers are interpreting this as a sign of dire financial stress. Not so. This or a similar list has been in existence for years. The writer of this paragraph asked for and saw it, some eight years ago. The reason I asked to see it was because the Soviet officials were complaining that European capitalists took an interest only in great concessions or very tiny ones; they said the best were moderately rich grants. And that proved to be the case. I recall one of a gold mine on the Asiatic side of the Pacific coast, like and opposite the famous Treadwell Mine of Alaska. It was similarly situated, up over a harbor where gravity would do most of the work, but the ore was richer. I wondered then why the middle class of capitalists did not inquire into the Russian list of concessions, that was public in Russia and now is published outside.

The only fault from a Western point of view in Russian concessions is that they are not in perpetuity. The Soviet Government terms require the development of a property on a basis which pays and pays well both for the capital and the management, but it looks forward to the time when Russia can take back the property by the payment of a handsome price, previously arranged. A

THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928

prominent financier in New York, having studied a blank concession, said that that was the only kind of a concession that any country should grant. The virtue and the fault of it was that it prevented manipulation and speculation in shares of its stock. The money has to be made in productive labor, not in gambling in stock.

* * * *

The Soviet model for concession contracts was based upon the ideal handling of a concession in the old days by Herbert Hoover. As the Russian told the story, Hoover took over a great property that was not doing well. He put it in order with his English and American managers and foremen, with Russian assistants in each department or job, and, as the Russians learned the work, he let the foreigners go, and kept the Russians till, finally, he had made it an All-Russian proposition and it went back to Russia. The reds saw this and adopted it as their model. They don't like Hoover, but they do admire him.

AN APOLOGY FROM LINCOLN STEFFENS

My statement that President Arthur was a Tammany Man was a gross blunder, unpardonable, unbelievable in a newspaperman and, if I explain, it is not to excuse such a mistake of both memory, imagination and reason. The only explanation I can think of is that I cannot see any difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties. For years I studied our American machine rule, in New York by Tammany with the Republican minority playing in cahoots with the Majority boss, in Pennsylvania by the Republican machine with the miserable Democratic organization getting its share of the spoils, in so-called doubtful states the by-partisan bosses and bribers managing a non-partisan minority machine, and it never made any difference to the people which form their betrayal took. I used to say and write and repeat that all our political parties looked alike to me. I must have really come to believe what I reported; I must have identified the republican and democratic parties deeply in my imagination, them and their business and their spoilsman. And so when I recalled the joy and the journey and the disappointment of the spoilsman of New York over Mr. President Arthur, I behaved like any other apparatus. The Republican spoilsman looked like the Tammany spoilsman.

My story, corrected, is that it was the Republican gang that got left and that the moral is truer than ever: When a man trained in the Tammany political game wants to go straight, he knows how, whether it be the Republican President Arthur or the Democratic Governor Smith. It is college bred idealists, like Mr. Hoover and me, that can't always tell wrong from right, good graft from good business in politics. We are pardonable, whereas Governor Smith is not and President Smith won't be.

The Arts . . .

PRO MUSICA

Mr. D. Rudhyar, composer, poet, and lecturer, who has been in Carmel for the last month, left last Saturday for Chicago, where he is to give a recital of his piano works for Pro Musica.

Pro Musica is an organization of listeners. It has branch groups in many cities of the United States. The fact that they are organized makes it possible to bring to the concert rooms of this country composers and artists of the rarer type. They are brought because they are artists, and because artists want to hear them; not, as is in the case of those who come through the ordinary commercial channels, through the usual impresario, because they are box office attractions. When impresarios are unwilling to take the financial bet of bringing over a Darius Milhaud from France, Pro Musica makes it possible.

There has been some discussion as to whether it might not be desirable to ask the Carmel Music Society to form a Pro Musica group. The chief advantage would be the participation in an undertaking which is of very high musical quality. The chief disadvantage is, that popular idols, like Werrenrath for instance, would be missed by that part of Carmel concert audiences which likes to take its music more lightly. And a third fact, debatable as to its advantage, is that we should as Pro Musica probably hear less Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, than we should the works of composers in the contemporary creative stream.

ART NOTES

"Lobos Poems" by Jeanne Burton will also shortly appear over the imprint of the Seven Arts Press. Several of these poems have already appeared in issues of the Carmelite; in response to which we have received interesting out-of-town comment upon the distinguished quality of the poetry published in this weekly.

* * *

As a work of art the tomb of the unknown soldier in Washington, D. C. is simple. It is beautiful in its restraint. All temptation to decorate, embellish, and put on scrolls and figures, was resisted. And we were told that this was partly the result of so many differences of opinion on the part of those having the matter in charge that they decided to leave off everything and have the last resting place of the unknown doughboy exactly as it is, a plain tomb.

—Carl Sandburg.

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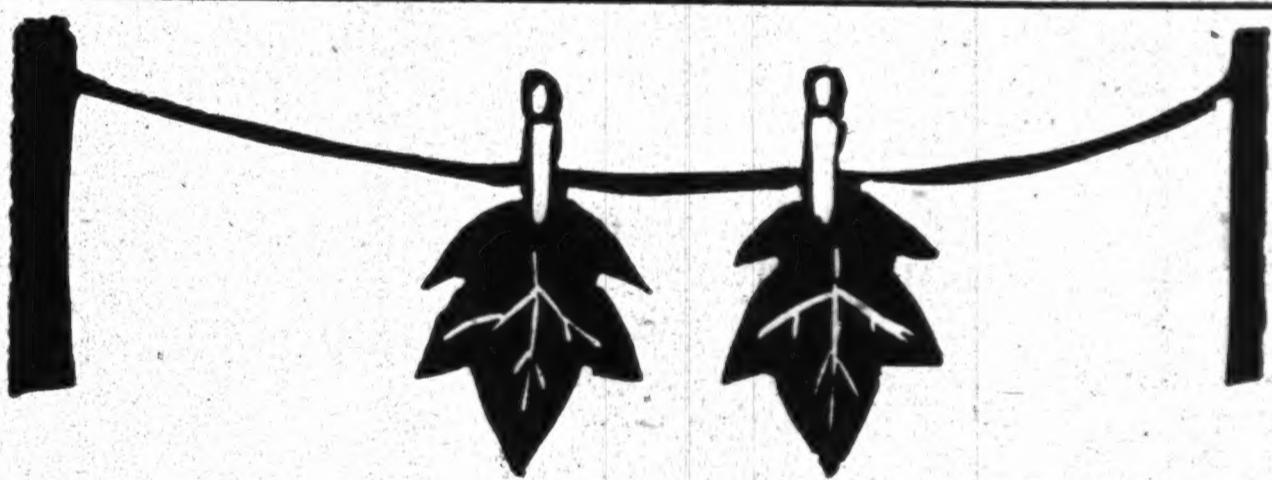
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Her Platform

She Favors:

1. The enlargement of the program laid down by law for the strengthening and gradual evolution of Army and Navy air service. Measures for the building up of commercial aviation by Federal expenditure, to provide facilities for air commerce now provided for water navigation, such as lighted airways for common use, beacons, and meteorological service.
2. An efficient, dependable American Merchant Marine for the carriage of our commerce and for the national defense.
3. The fostering and building up of

water transportation through the improvement of inland waterways and removal of discrimination against water transportation.

4. The creation of a federal farm board to assist the farmer and stock raiser in the marketing of their products as the Federal Reserve Board has done for the banker and business man.
5. The principle of collective bargaining and the Democratic principle that organized labor should choose its own representatives without coercion or interference.
6. Federal employees should receive a living wage based upon 'American standards of decent living.'

7. Generous appropriations, prompt administration and honest management of all business relative to the war veterans.

8. Protection through infancy and childhood to the children of the nation.

9. Equal wages for equal services for men and women and the adequate appropriation for women's and children's bureaus.

10. Ignorance is the enemy of freedom. The federal government should offer to the states such council, advice, results of research and aid as may be made available through the federal agencies for the general improvement of our schools in view of our national needs.

WHAT TWO GREAT AMERICANS THOUGHT ABOUT RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE:

WHAT ABRAHAM LINCOLN REALLY SAID:

"As a nation, we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal'... When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read: 'All men are created equal, except negroes, and foreigners, and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."
(Letter to Joshua F. Speed)

WHAT THEODORE ROOSEVELT BELIEVED:

"Any political movement directed against any body of our fellow citizens because of their religious creed is a grave offense against American principles and American institution. It is a wicked thing either to support or to oppose a man because of the creed he professes. This applies to Jew and Gentile, to Catholic and Protestant, and to the men who would be regarded as unorthodox by all of them alike." (Interview in New York Herald, October 13, 1915.)

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THE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE OF MONTEREY COUNTY

PRESENT TO THE VOTERS OF THE PENINSULA THESE OPINIONS OF REPRESENTATIVE REPUBLICAN, DEMOCRATIC AND INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPERS, STATESMAN AND PUBLICISTS REGARDING

ALFRED E. SMITH

"Governor Smith represents to us the expert in government, and, I might say, a master in the science of politics. We have watched him, some of us, carefully—all with fascination. The title that he holds is the proudest title that any American can hold, because it is a title to the esteem and affection of his fellow citizen." (Charles Evans Hughes).

"Also it comes from a governor who, throughout this long period of service, has done his best to meet women halfway in their efforts to fit into public life.

"It is doubtful, indeed, if any man in office in the country has gauged more accurately the contributions women are fitted to give in government, or has a profounder instinctive sense of their natural interests or of their capacity for direct and disinterested service when those interests are aroused than Governor Smith." (Ida M. Tarbell.)

A group of distinguished educators, headed by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, said of his record on public education:

"His whole attitude on education has been one of foresight and progress. Whether it was the extension and strengthening of the system of special classes for exceptional children or supporting the program for continuation schools and schools for vocational training or maintaining the standards of state training schools for teachers, he has always been ready to take his position with the most advanced thought on the subject."

R. Fulton Cutting, long known as a Leader of Independent Citizens' Movement in the City of New York, and Head of the Citizens' Union from 1897 to 1905:

"I am an enrolled Republican but expect to vote for him. He seems to me to have striven very earnestly and intelligently to promote the welfare of all the people of this State and he has well earned the support of open-minded citizens."

Alice Duer Miller, Author and Playwright:

"Governor Smith has a rare honesty and he combines with it great courage. I stand for Governor Smith because he is sincere and also because he is an expert in governing New York State. A sincere man and an expert—I don't see how we can do any better than that."

Rochester, N. Y. Herald, (Independent):

"New York knows Al Smith, and has known him from boyhood up, for his sterling honesty, his intelligent statesmanship, his devotion to high ideals of public duty, and his withering contempt of those who would have turned him aside from the straight path of honorable service."

New York World, (Democratic):

"... In Alfred E. Smith we have the greatest Governor that has served the State since Tilden's day.

"Men of note have held the post within that half-century—Cleveland, with his rugged independence; Roosevelt, skilled in political broadcasting; Hughes, harrying the politicians with the zeal of a Covenanter. But none of these men came to the post with the intimate knowledge of the State and its business which gives Governor Smith the sure foundation of his lasting fame."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President

Wilson:

"I feel confident that he would bring, not only an unsurpassed knowledge of the administration of affairs, but a single-minded purpose to carry on these affairs for the liberal and progressive good as a whole."

Mary E. Dreier, Member of the Factory Investigating Committee:

"The people of this State are very deeply indebted to Governor Smith for his fine leadership in the progressive measures protecting the lives of the mass of our people."

Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College:

"Alfred E. Smith has made an excellent Governor and has shown a knowledge of State affairs which very few of our Governors have ever possessed."

Robert Lansing, Former Secretary of State under President Wilson:

"His public career is convincing proof that he possesses the true spirit of public service, and is eminently fitted to fill with distinction and ability any office for which he might be chosen candidate."

Sun and New York Herald, (Republican):

"Al Smith has made a good Governor and would again make a good Governor if elected... He has made an excellent executive."

New York Tribune, (Republican):

"The State, through Governor Smith, is saved from the reproach of narrowness and bigotry. It is revealed as big and magnanimous as a State should be."

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL BY THE SEA
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Editorials . . .

WE BOAST

The Carmelite begs leave to point with pride to our first and perhaps our greatest achievement: the new and beautiful Pine Cone. We are not reformers. Our disposition is to love our neighbors, our neighborhood and ourselves, not to improve them. But we did feel that Carmel should have a newspaper that represented the beauty, if not the wisdom, of this lovely community of intelligent people. And we promised that. In word, in type and in the implications of our own activities, we said that we would produce such a paper. No doubt some people thought we meant ourselves and our Carmelite. Not at all. A job like that costs capital and labor. Our own private purpose is much more humble; it is to represent the childhood, first and second, of Carmel, and encourage playfulness. But our public purpose was to improve the Pine Cone; and we ask everybody to look and see that we have achieved that purpose; and how!

* * *

THE PANSY KING

There was once upon a time a troublesome old radical who was a pest to business and politics down in the middle west. This was many years ago. He and his discontents were defeated finally or successful; some of them made some money of their own; others were just plain licked. This old pest was just plain licked. He quit when the rest quit. He retreated up into the state of Wisconsin, chose a village in a beautiful bit of

country and took a small piece of land. There he laid out a pansy farm. He grew pansies for the market. He grew nothing but pansies; he specialized, he selected, he cultivated, he perfected his pansies. He led the pansy market with his pansies and became known far and wide as the Pansy King. But his pansies cultivated him too. Having such an example of perfect beauty and order about him, he perfected his simple house, he built a neat fence around his pretty yard, he ordered the path and the street before his place. The king of the pansy market became a pansy king. And his neighbors, who raised pigs and butter and eggs and grain for the market, they laughed at first at the pansy farmer and his bright clean house and yard. But gradually, they "fixed up" their places, too, cleared their paths and street. Some of them went in for pansies or some other foolish flowers. The village became the pansy town, and it looked like a community of men whose crops and business was flowers. This was years ago. The pansy king who was a defeated old red, must be dead by now, but the Pansy Town remains and spreads.

* * *

The Pine Cone is humble about its loveliness and just a little reproachful of us. Anticipating our pride in it, it says editorially that it is not a new Pine Cone. It is "the Pine Cone in a new dress, but the same old Pine Cone. Not a magazine, but a village newspaper" * * * Nor is this change of dress an innovation * * * "Three years ago" * * * before the Carmelite was born, it did something like this. We did not make the new dress of the Pine Cone. Of course not, our little pansy farm only hastened the day when the old-fashioned farmer got up and did what he always intended to do. That is our sole part in the achievement and the result is so satisfying that one might expect us to quit and die. But we only feel encouraged to go on raising flowers for the market. There is a service for us to perform more of. Suppose we could tempt or draw everybody in Carmel to do, now, or on some fixed date, what everybody has always intended to do—Carmel would then be paved, not like the bad place with good intentions, but with the gold of good deeds, and fit to be represented by that joy forever, the new old Pine Cone.

CARL SANDBURG SAYS:

Any policeman who is intelligent, ambitious and suspicious, should be able to advance himself from policeman to detective. We are thus informed by a thief catcher of exceptional ability a former police inspector speaking to the police training school in New York. He tells us, "There are three prime qualifications a detective should possess—intelligence, ambition and a suspicious nature. If a policeman has these qualities and is interested in solving problems in crime there is no reason why he should not

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make a name for himself as a sleuth."

Correspondence

Editor, the Carmelite,
Carmel, Calif.

Dear Madam:

I have just noted your last issue and report on Carmel Republican meeting I addressed.

There are six paragraphs in that report, the first one holding the unique distinction of being correct in fact.

The second paragraph relative to supreme court justices and amendments to amendments attributes to me a statement that would be absurd if made by a school child. Regarding the oil scandals, your reporter, present, knows there was no "tactful silence."

Not one of the "main issues" as your reporter mentioned them in all but the last paragraph were mentioned as such by me. Very particularly I pointed out that they were the outward, apparent political issues, not—to me—the main ones. Nor did I at another point say, "Al promises us something to drink." It is my custom and pleasure to refer to Governor Smith.

Regarding my ideas, mentioned as "his idea," I congratulate you upon a staff grounded in telepathy, although not in ability to report news with regard to accuracy or intellectual honesty.

As a newspaper man, my suggestion is that you employ a thoroughly average moron to write political news reports, leaving it to Mr. Lincoln Steffens to carry on ably in your editorial columns for the world revolution.

Sincerely yours,
Allen Griffin

It was the intention of the editor of the Carmelite, who reported Mr. Griffin's talk, to report it correctly. She therefore outlined its points carefully, even calling the speaker by telephone in order to verify a quotation. She is in the wrong in having included the name "Al" within quotation marks. Mr. Griffin did not call Governor Smith by this name. At this point she made a slip in reportorial accuracy.

Mr. Griffin resents mention of "his idea." Why? Was this NOT then his idea, i.e. that 'such an elevation' (meaning the lifting a little of the "American standard of living in the humble American home") "would naturally follow upon the election of Hoover?" The conclusion drawn by the reporter was logical and not telepathic.

If the report of the talk presents a somewhat editorial slant, thus deviating from journalistic tradition, its intention is nevertheless to have done this without the least lapse of intellectual honesty. We regret that Mr. Griffin considers us to have failed in this. —The Editor.

WHEN GOD MADE CHICAGO

When God made Chicago, He saw that it was good, but He could not rest because no man would see Chicago as He saw it. Not Chicago. No poet, no painter, no prophet that God had made good could see the good that he had made in Chicago. His work was not done, and it must be done that He might rest from His labors.

He put Chicago to sleep, and He took a rib from Chicago; a bone of its bone that should be flesh of its flesh; and he blew upon it. He gave it life, quick to see what no eye had ever seen, to feel as no heart had ever felt, to suffer and to rejoice, as no soul had ever suffered and rejoiced. And He would not let it weep or laugh. The bone and the flesh that God took from Chicago and blew upon, He made into one that could only hear and see and feel and plainly report what God had made; for it was a reporter that God chose to be the lover and the prophet of Chicago.

And a reporter shall never express himself, but only God and His works.

Now this bloke that God made to express Him and His works in Chicago was no better and no worse than Chicago. He went nosing around that city for many years, seeing the sights, and hearing the sounds and the sayings, and sensing the meanings to man and God of all that transpired there. And reporting them, all. He bummed around the stock-yards and the street-railway yards, the railroad tracks, the bridges, and the stock exchange; he drifted into the police courts and the courts of justice, into the police stations and along the police beats with the cops; he happened upon murders and accidents; and spoke with the violent and the victims of violence, with the detectives and their prisoners and their partners in vice and crime, with the politicians, and the reporters, and the judges, and the editors who judged but never saw men and things. He did not judge; he only understood. He was poor with the poor and rich in understanding with the rich, he was one with the fat as he was with the hungry. Carl Sandburg saw the people of Chicago in the crowded streets, alone in the parks, busy at their work, happy and miserable in their homes, ambitious in management, successful or defeated in their plans, big and little. He was there when their bodies were found on the beach or their triumphs were celebrated at the banquet. He sat with their children outside the house at the funerals and at the election. He was always quietly there and no man noticed or minded. It was only Carl Sandburg, whom you would hardly see and never heard; he was there with the heart God gave him. And he could not weep, you remember, or hate, or laugh, or even express his love; he

could only report.

So he reported what he saw; he reported what he heard; and he could report. He reported plainly, without comment or the expression of feeling. He could state the bald facts. He told the plain tale and he found some great tales. He heard; for instance—he "got" the story of Abe Lincoln, who was a fellow that succeeded in a way in Illinois. He "got" the spirituals of the niggers, from the colored folks, the hymns of the I. W. W.s from the roughnecks, he got the songs of all the people in all their variations, from the tramps, the drunks, the crooks and the vaudeville actors who sang them for a living. He reported them, old and new, as men sang them. He smelt the stenches of the stock yards with the killer who killed the cattle for Chicago to eat; he stared at the steel worker up in the sky and hung over the bar with him when he came to earth in the corner saloon. He picketed with the strikers, laid in wait for the scab with the striker, smoked a cigar with the boss on the job and sat in the hospital with the scab. He met with the parlor socialists, asked what art is with the arty, loafed with the novelist, went out of town with the painter to get into God's country. He lived with Chicago wherever Chicago lived, in vice, crime or virtue, in art, business and politics. He knew all the crooks who all know him, all; he knew all the reformers, all the pols, all the big businessmen and the little businessmen; and the musicians and the painters—all the artists, all the baseball players; he knew the players and the fans of all the games of life that Chicago lived.

And Carl Sandburg reported all that he knew, as he learned to know it, day by day, without judgment, without a tear, without a laugh; he reported daily his daily news on the Chicago Daily News. He brought in his stuff just as he found it, he wrote it just as it seemed itself to want to be written, he set the raw stuff down raw, in verse, in prose, as God made, as God wrote it, as news. And now behold, Carl Sandburg's stuff turns out to be poetry. Carl Sandburg proves to be a poet, Chicago is found good. God can rest.

—Lincoln Steffens.

CARL SANDBURG COMING WEST

Here's a letter from Carl Sandburg. Never mind what he says about this paper, except that he likes the sayings of the children that we report. Not the editorials and the grown-up stuff; that is mostly bunk. But the childrens' doings and sayings are "honest-to-God," as he knows well and can say with authority.

The news to note in this letter is that Carl Sandburg is coming out here this winter and that he is sending us some things to print. When he comes to Carmel we shall see him sing the negro spirituals that we have heard him sing on the Victrola and over the radio; and

we shall see him see Carmel. The man can see. He can hear, too, and he can report. And he can save. The notes he speaks of are things he has picked out of the running gutters of life and literature all his life, unimportant scraps like the negro spirituals and the songs of the people who are not poets but only the voices of God and man. He has thousands of such notes like those that we shall print from time to time and which he is going to make into a book some day.

A LETTER FROM CARL SANDBURG

The Carmelite is a bully paper for many reasons and I have read nearly every number all the way through the past two months. I shall pay my annual subscription when visiting Carmel sometime this winter. I enclose a number of notes from my Notebook; these are a few out of several thousand to be published in a book two or three years from now. They are as go-as-you-please as your valuable paper. You have the highest batting average of any paper I know of for honest-to-God bright sayings of children. I read all the baby talk you print.

Faithfully yours,

Carl Sandburg.

LEAVES FROM CARL SANDBURG'S NOTEBOOK

A professor of literature residing on Strudelhofgasse, Vienna, Austria, writes to American poets, trying to wrench from them their innermost secrets about how they spit on the ball when they throw a curve. Hard working poets in Toledo, Detroit, Chicago and Omaha are expected to lay off a day and answer the following thirteen interrogatories. 1. Describe your attitude toward the versification of the poem you are about to write? 2. How does the verse-form come to you? 3. Do you settle beforehand the metre in which you are to write? 4. Do you think of the forms of iambus, trochee, anapest and dactyl? 5. Do you settle on the number of stressed and unstressed syllables? 6. Or do you settle on the number of stressed syllables alone? 7. Or do you feel that there must be a certain number of beats to a line and that the syllables may take care of themselves? 8. Or do you simply write the thoughts as they come with no thought of rhythm or metre? 9. Do you feel a demand for metre? 10. Where does it come from? 11. How do you regulate your lines? 12. How do you get your poems? 13. Why do you write them?

We can imagine a reckless Omaha poet writing the professor, "If you ask me another that will be fourteen." In Omaha nine poets out of ten believe a "stressed syllable" is a missing part of a balloon tire.



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A SCIENTIFIC EPIC POEM

The high-brow world talks about art and science getting together the way the low-brows used to ask Capital and Labor to get together. There is some reason in the high-brows' hope. No one can read into modern science without feeling the stuff for poetry in its discoveries and the stuff to make poets of in the imagination of its discoverers. And there are prophets who see this. One of them is Edwin E. Slosson, a scientific man who has been a literary editor and now is the director of Science Service. He is about the best balanced union we have of the scientific and the literary man in one. Others are coming; the demand for writers who can combine the precision of scientific training with the insight of the poet is producing more and more reporters who can go to the scientist for news and write it so that any educated reader can get the truth as well as the beauty of it.

It is news then that this Edwin E. Slosson reports in the Science News-Letter that he has found a book which is an epic poem, literally, in the field of modern astronomy. His review of it is worth all the space it takes merely as news, as good news. We haven't seen the poem, we never heard of the poet; and we observe that Slosson does not say much about the poetry. He is content to quote lines from it. But the excellence of the poetry is not the point. It does not have to be great; it is enough that it tries to open up the cosmos as it is known to the astronomers and the mathematicians and the chemists—in poetic form. That is a beginning. In the community where Robinson Jeffers lives and watches the stars and the news reports of the telescopes and writes poetry with cultivated respect for Knowledge, every man will want to know at least as much about The New Argonautia (Macmillan) as Slosson has told in the following review:

An epic is a poem of daring deeds. In the case of this epic the poem is a daring deed. For the author has had the courage to take modern astronomy as his theme, the galaxy as his scene, a Greek myth as his model and the heroes of all ages as his characters. For his New Argo is manned by an all-star crew picked from all periods, the spirits of Sir Walter Ralegh, Sir Francis Drake, Ponce de Leon, Cabeza de Vaca, Alaric, Atli, Genseric and Timur. The Argo is the symbol of the modern spirit. The Golden Fleece is the same as Maeterlinck's Blue Bird.

From a scientific point of view the interest of the epic lies in its utilization of modern ideas of the cosmos, even conceptions that have not yet been acclimated to the minds of the readers of scientific literature, still less become so familiar as

to become fit for poetical usage according to the traditional theory. For it used to be held that only antiquated words and symbols were proper in poetry, the older the better. As though poetry like fungus flourished only on ruins and decay. But the younger generation of poets is more courageous. Here is a professor of literature in a New England college employing not only the myths of Homer, the visions of Dante, and the fancies of Spencer but the discoveries of Eddington and Millikan. Take for instance this picture of a star to which the vessel passed close enough to get a good view:

Standing from the edge
Of the sail's protection, studying the star,
Raleigh ignored them. Was it similar
To Earth's?... in youth?... how did its
loss repair?
Gust after gust of fine ethereal air
Broke through rent floccules of erupting
gas
From the emissive core's conflicting mass
Of violent combustion in which heat
Systems of atoms whirled, burst, beat
With freed electrons on the flaming wall,
Expanding it; or by centripetal
Forces compelled, recombined instantly
With shattered systems, or stripped
nuclei,
To whirl again in swift atomic round.

The ship in its voyage through interstellar space came so near to Algol that it was likely to be pulled in by gravitation but was saved in time by an explosion caused by the tidal action of a dark star, as Raleigh explains:

Raleigh did not turn
His eyes from their research, the
shrunken star
Now fading out astern. 'Also we are.
As you (he said) deep in the darkness
debt.
The dark star freed us. We were
annexed yet,
The latest province to imperial light
Had not doom waked disruptions
opposite
To gravity that gluts it... Increased mass
Brings increased pressure of ethereal gas,
As, let us say, Thessalia overcome
Made hotter conflicts at the heart of
Rome.
Added to which, stretched circuits bring
in course
Peripheral speed and centrifugal force
The more repellent: till, in providence,
Empires and stars stand in equivalence
Of give and get, of gather and repel.'

The mingling of ancient myth with modern science has this advantage that it shows by contrast how much more the modern conceptions appeal to the imagination; the ancient symbols belittle while the modern expand the mind. The author has an amazing wealth of illustrative material. To understand all his allusions the reader would have to be familiar with Apollonius Rhodius, the Coal Sack, the campaign of the Masurian Lakes, the lives of the Lombard kings, Egyptian theology, Aztec history, Devon geography, Evelyn's

diary, Hakluyt's Voyages, Hardy's Dynasts, Wells' Outline, Gibbon's Rome, Elizabethan pharmacology, Milton, Einstein, Shapley, Dante and Dean Inge—and still he would miss many of them. But fortunately for the less learned of us the author gives very full references and interpretations in his notes and arguments. Professor Henderson is a voyager in actuality on this earth as well as in imagination in outer space. Various cantos of his epic were written while he was in Rome, Jamaica, Yale, Mt. Carmel, Montreal, Oxford, Switzerland and Dartmouth.

—L. S.

SPACE - TIME - DEITY

By Alexander.

"All the scriptures of wisdom will not prevail against the chaos of the world,—the chaos of which America is the archetype and product."

This quotation from Waldo Frank's "America" leads one to speak of Alexander's great work of philosophy, "Space-Time-Deity," the thesis of which conceives four great modes of being; Motion, Matter, Life, Consciousness, as emerging consecutively out of the matrix of Space-Time; each serving in its turn as Deity to the foregoing stage; each brought to birth through the foregoing.

Now in the process of gestation is the fifth great stage of being, which to us is Deity. Its nature, its character, its form, we cannot know any more than Matter can know Life, or than Life can know Consciousness.

Motion, Matter, Life, Consciousness!

No two resembled each other. And so in the coming state we can expect something unknown before, unconceivable by consciousness. But may we not guess it? And are we not ever guessing at it?

As matter first trembled into life through the cell; as life hovered into consciousness through its first developed sense, is not consciousness ever straining toward this emerging Deity?

And this brings me back to the quotation above. What shall prevail against the Chaos of the World?

The Emerging Deity.

—Carrie H. Blackman.

LITERARY NOTES

Carmel is now the publication center for a series of brochures called The Hamsa Publications, of which the first, recently off the press, is by D. Rudhyar, on the subject of The Dissonant Principle of Harmony. Dora Hagemeyer, executive for their distribution, announces that these publications already have subscribers from many distant parts of the world. The Seven Arts Press will print the future issues. A volume of poems by Rudhyar will soon be off the press.

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THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928
CARMEL COUNTRY

By the time the oval sun-colored tracks that we call Footprints-of-spring have marked the trail over the hill, the Carmel pines have set gold candles upon every branch tip. When "Mad Violets" race across those fields, ears back in attitude of haste as if they were hard pressed to outstrip the spring, the candles of the pines are smoking incense in the wind. Soon after the passing of the Star flowers, if Easter falls early, these candles have put forth their buds at either side of the tip, transforming each candle into a cross. We know that the heart returns where it has been happiest. Mine turns so, naturally to this haunted wood that at times I imagine "first sight" concerning the motions of its spirit. In early summer the fog drifts through these groves so sheer, floating so low through the pine boughs, encompassing them until the moss dripping from the trees is ethereal to the touch as mist.

Once I followed the fantastic notion of asking three friends: "If you could be a tree, what tree would you choose?" The boy, quiet and reserved, said musingly, "I'd be a pine. Being evergreen and unable to shed its leaves it must always remain inarticulate. It never shows its real self, but only murmurs in confusion of what it cannot disclose."

To the second friend, with a mystical turn, the inarticulate was intolerable. "I'd be a blossom tree," she said. "They reveal the most." I thought of winter trees against the sky and their revelation —almost like confession before God: a birds' nest that was hidden in the leaves (good works); a crooked limb that no one saw (secret sin); and after baring to show what their year had been, it was as though in one great pean of joy and praise they revealed their very spirits in blossoming.

The woods had shown favors to the third of these friends. She "knew" where rare flowers grew beyond ridges that we never had explored; but she merely replied to our questions: "I knew they were *there*." (One who keeps wood-secrets keeps as well the secrets of the heart.) When I asked her: "What tree would you choose?" She looked away and slowly shook her head; yet, following her look, it was as though I "knew" through her. I saw what I never had seen: that spread of leaves with its delicate transparency of pattern, gathering a brightness from some hidden source beyond the wood, repeating the mica-glow through the green dusk, even beyond the eyes' power to distinguish leaves. Never since that moment have I felt solitary in woods where maples grow.

Yet to find beauty deeper than loveliness one must cross the river and the woods of pine to the sea cliffs, where the drift-white sand banks back from the wind and the promontories are cave-hewn. There grows the solitary, wind-worn tree of our coast country—the Cypress. Its

trunk has been twisted age-old by storms; its branches are fantastic and its top flattened by gales that have swept across and left it crouching. But its curves are curves of the wind, and its boughs lean in the wind path. Gregarious trees charm the fancy, leaving the loneliness that is our heritage, since we can not escape the solidarity stamped upon us by our birth and fore-shadowed in death. We realize that never shall we fully know another of our kind; never fully be known—isolated aliens that we are in a homogeneous world. The Cypress on its cliff is kin to us in this.

Belonging so completely to our shore, this wind-worn survivor asks no quarter from wind or waves. The Cypress has stepped to the cliff's edge, facing the ocean it loves. The very force driven from the sea, which would have been the peril, the annihilation, of a weaker stock, has shaped its beauty and its strength.

—Ruth Mantz.

MORE SANDBURG NOTES

In Northfield, Minnesota, when Jesse and Frank James and the Younger brothers tried to rob a bank they shot and killed a cashier. The bank is still doing business today next door to the old location. A bronze tablet in front of the old location reads:

IN THIS ROOM
JOSEPH LEE HEYWOOD
REFUSING TO BETRAY HIS TRUST
WAS SHOT BY BANK ROBBERS
SEPTEMBER 7, 1876
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

* * * *

In our theatre notes for today, we point to Richard Steele, associate of Joseph Addison in the London Spectator. Steele was building a house to live in and the idea hit him to attach a theatre to the house and show London the right kind of drama. As the playhouse was about finished, Steele said to himself that it looked good to the eye, but what about the ear, what about the acoustics? He sent the boss carpenter to one end of the room to speak, and pronounce sentences, so as to test the acoustics. Steele at one end of the Auditorium then heard the boss carpenter at the other end calling out in a distinct and audible voice, "Sir Richard Steele, here has I, and these here men, been doing our work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. Who are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir Richard Steele, we are told made reply, "I am delighted with the oratory, but by no means approve of the subject."

ATWATER

KENT RADIO

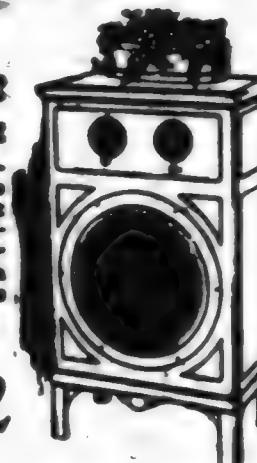
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THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928

FOR SALE: CHERUBIM, SERAPHIM,
AND HALF THE CONTENTS OF THE
BOOK OF EZEKIEL

So Hoffman's Camp is for sale?

Well, we hope that, whoever buys it, we shall still be free to spend weeks or week-ends up there at the feet of its redwoods, quieting our spirit in their silence that is almost audible after the constant, and therefore unheard, beat of waves on the shores of Carmel.

Hoffman's Camp!

You drive first thirteen miles of majesty down the coast road toward the Big Sur. Then suddenly you turn inland, and are in a canyon dark and silent under redwoods. All quickly you are tiny, all out of scale in a valley of giants.

Two miles up the canyon, and you are at Hoffman's Camp. For sale, is it? So that we shall never again be greeted at the door of the lodge by Mother Hoffman, capacious, maternal, and welcoming? Never again sit, of a Sabbath, at the long dining table, with its huge platters of chicken-and-gravy, its mounds of mashed potatoes, its mugs of steaming coffee, each waving a spoon like a plume?

Along the board, side by side, sit a Carmel librarian, Tom Bickle; a fashionable couple and their small son, a Greek restaurant keeper from Santa Cruz, some of the leading lights of last year's Golden Bough season, some heavy hunters come for the shooting. The conversation is general, and often uproarious.

At night, perhaps frankfurters and sauerkraut, and the huntsmen telling of their exploits. In the dark, a big camp fire, and singing. Then, along the footpath to your cabin... light your oil lamp; and slip into bed looking out upon a sky marvelously set with stars seen through redwoods.

Asleep, breathing a crystalline draught with every breath. Silence as of interstellar spaces.

In the morning, the smell of coffee and bacon trickling through the forest to your cabin.

Up the road a little way, and you strike into the forest for deer... some to shoot, some to observe. The nearest neighbor caught and tamed a doe, years ago, whose descendants, children and great grandchildren, come from the woods every night a certain hour to the house... where they will eat from his hand,—but his only.

What an odd, odd, notion it is that man should be able to "sell" a canyon full of redwoods,—trees like gods, superb, as though timeless... And we at their feet, with our deeds of sale, our instruments of decapitation. Man, this "supreme creation," coming with his axes and saws to annihilate the giants,—and cut them up into little redwood shacks. Who slays a redwood tree, should recognize in the

THE CARMELITE, October 31, 1928

act an obligation to conceive great architecture, so that earth will forgive him the sin against beauty.

"Hoffman's Camp," and half a redwood canyon, for sale!

A CARMELITE TO RULE OVER SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWEST HOTEL

Last week the Hotel Sir Francis Drake opened in San Francisco. The Manager is Kent W. Clark, who has lived in Carmel for two years in his own house on San Antonio. Mr. Clark was formerly manager of the Oriental Hotel in Kobe.

Ten thousand people attended the "preview" of the hotel on Oct. 22nd and loud were their exclamations of delight and wonder at the furnishings, the finishings, and the arrangements for comfort in this newest and most modern of hotels. The building itself, at the corner of Powell and Sutter Streets, is an addition to the city, its proportions and arrangements being well suited to the skyscraper type of architecture. It is a sort of cathedral of hospitality.

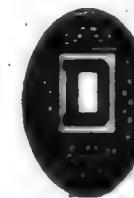
Among the arrangements for the convenience of guests are circulating ice water in every room, servitors to keep the rooms quiet, a children's playroom (a necessity these days where private families are giving up homes and living in hotels), a gymnasium, elevator service direct from garage to guests' rooms, kennels for visiting dogs, and ultra-violet transmitting glass windows. An imposing staff has been gathered to help in the management of the hotel. They come from many different hosteries and from many parts of the country. Assisting Mr. Clark will be Robert L. Sturn, who has gained his experience at the Biltmore and the Pennsylvania hotels in New York. His job bears the dignified title of Director of Public Relations, which augurs well for the service one will find.

Rooms can be had from \$3.50 to \$10. a single room, and when Carmelites are established there, and have heard enough of their own radio (for there is to be a radio in every room) they can wander downstairs and visit with Mr. Clark, and recall the old days when he washed his car or sprinkled the lawn or called Pat the dog out of his neighbor's garden, or just sat lazing in the patio in the sun. Any lazing will have to be kept for week-ends now.

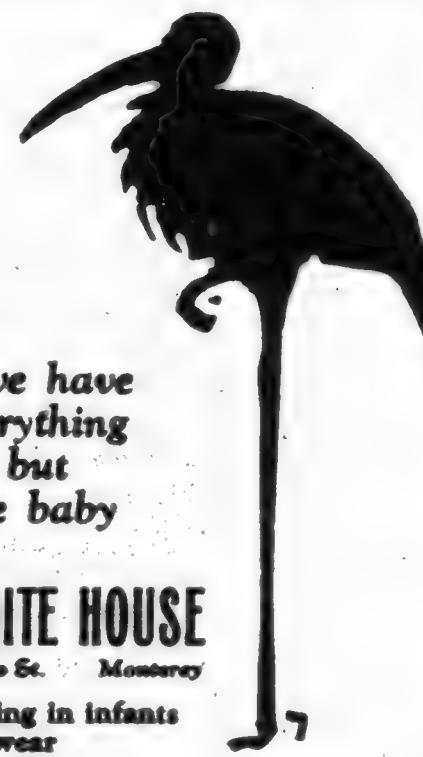
Apology is due David T. Prince. His remarkable article in our last issue "A Pilgrims Progress to Carmel" which has met with much favorable comment, inadvertently went unsigned.

Tommi Tomson, returning from San Francisco, has informed Guy Koepf that she was about to invade his office in the Court of the Golden Bough for her work of manuscript typing and stenography. His sentiments have not been divulged.

PAGE NINETEEN



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After a hot ride in a mail bus through the flat plains of Indo China we arrived in the tiny town of Ream, which boasted of three houses and a hotel owned by a Frenchman with a Japanese wife. It was not elegant but would keep us fed and housed until our boat bound for Bangkok arrived. He'd take us on a deer hunt and perhaps we could shoot a tiger or a panther. Sounded good.

A good breeze against us made our native tack up to the wooded isle and showed what skill he used in handling a light craft.

He lowered the sail and anchored the boat with a long pole pushed into the mud. It was very shallow and good fishing, so the crew and the passengers took off their clothes and stepped out into the muddy bottom.

Two of the natives had circular nets with weights on the edge which with a very deft motion they would throw far ahead of them. The rotating motion threw the weights outward and stretched the disk of the net. When it landed, the splash of the weights drove any fish that might be there to the center where he was caught. Peculiar, long, prickly-backed fish were the commonest. Little flat oval ones too were caught and those kept to dry, as they are the main food of the natives.

His equipment for the hunt was a pair of old tennis shoes, a double-barreled shotgun with huge hammers, an acetylene head lamp, and several cartridges. We were to pay for the lamp gas used and any cartridges that found no mark.

Our troupe started off down the jungle lane quietly excited, with the hunter in the lead, his light peering left and right into the dense forest and his gun with both hammers cocked. We went on and on, quietly and following the ray of light wherever it went, hoping that the flash of two curious eyes would startle us. In a banana grove we paused to see the damage done by a herd of elephants and to see which way they had gone. A great racket was coming from a tiny group of huts. We investigated and found the natives peering at a savage-looking wildcat they had just caught in a box trap. He was snarling and spitting at the terrified curs that gathered around to take a whiff of their hereditary foe.

Crashes in the brush ahead made us all halt and hold our breath. The beam of light searched carefully every spot but nothing appeared. Any number of similar false alarms startled us but none of them warranted the suspicions they aroused.

Disappointed we followed the light back to the hut and paid for the acetylene used. —An American Student.

Poems . . .

FAWN'S POSTER-MOTHER

By Robinson Jeffers.

The old woman sits on a bench before the door and quarrels
With her meagre pale demoralized daughter.
Once when I passed I found her alone, laughing in the sun,
And saying that when she was first married
She lived in the old farmhouse up Garapatas Canyon.
(It is empty now, the roof is fallen,
But the log walls hang on the stone foundation; the redwoods
Have all been cut but the oaks are standing;
The place is now more solitary than ever before.)
"When I was nursing my second baby
My husband found a day-old fawn hid in a fern-brake
And brought it; I put its mouth to the breast
Rather than let it starve, I had milk enough for three babies.
Hey how it sucked, the little muzzler,
Digging its little hoofs like quills into my stomach.
I had more joy from that than from the others."
Her face is deformed with age, furrowed like a bad road
With market wagons, mean cares and decay.
She is thrown up to the surface of things, a cell of dry skin
Soon to be sloughed from the earth's old eye-brows,
But once, in her green youth, she lived in the streaming arteries,
In all the stir and music of the mountain.

—From "Poems." (The Book Club of California, San Francisco, 1928).

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RESCUE

How deep the night about the soul!
How fast the manacles! I brood
And recreate in my own heart
Its agony of solitude.

Have golden lips breathed in that dark?
And was the breath as vainly blown
As yon frail wind that trembles on
This mammoth herd of brutish stone?

A kinsman of the cherubim
Chained in this pit's abysmal mire!
Sound for the rescue! Bugles, blow!
Gird on the armoury of fire!

—A. E. from "Voices of the Stones."

THE GOD OF FIRE IN SHANGHAI

A Chinese fire and the fire-fighters at work. Crowds of firemen come each with a long name-banner. These banners are left in line against the walls of the narrow streets near the fire. One set of men are carriers having carrying poles with a bucket on each end of the pole. Ahead of each carrier runs a man with a gong beating wildly to make way for the carrier as he brings the water from a creek or canal or well near by. He dumps the water into the tub of a hand-pump which forces the water up a spout on to the fire. This pump working reminds one of an old rail road hand-car. Wealthy men often keep a hand-pump in their own home; but lest the fire-god give the pump work to do there is written on it, "Be-t-peh-yong" prepared but may it not be used. A fire in China is a noisy, exciting and very primitive thing in its method of extinguishing; but fierce in its burning.

While the fire is burning sometimes theatricals are held on the street. These are to please the god-of-fire and get him to go back home. At other times, when people fear troubles are coming, they buy a paper image of the fire-god and burn false money, incense and candles before it and then burn the image itself. This is sending him home with spending money and fragrance to keep him from starting other fires.

I asked the Chinese if the fire-god had lit a recent fire on a ship. They answered, "If there was a fire on the ship the fire-god must have been there—at work." We have towers in Shanghai where men watch for fires. When one is discovered the fire-bell is rung. When the old Custom House was built a large clock was placed in its tower. For some weeks after this clock began to strike the hours there were few if any fires. The Chinese said it was because the fire-god thought that every time the clock struck there was a fire announced so he could rest without helping.

—H. G. C. Hallock.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

Live News and Reviews of Coast Art Activities
JUNIUS CRAVENS, Editor-in-Chief

Read in the November issue:

"In Lands of Heart's Desire"
By Robert Boardman Howard

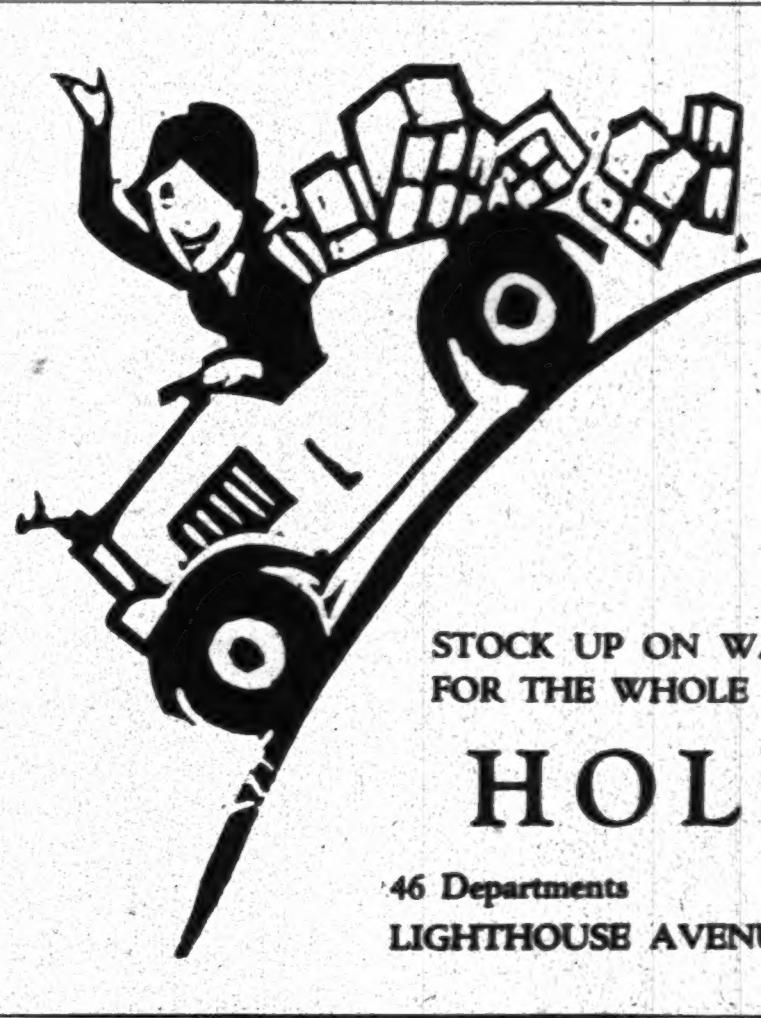
"The Living American Sculptor"
By Rose V. S. Berry

"Henry Cowell and Others"
By Raymond Edwards

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And on the lines being sent to a Dean Jones of Yale, this reply came from Jones:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The Home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

of THE CARMELITE published WEEKLY at CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA for OCTOBER 1 1928. State of CALIFORNIA. County of MONTEREY.

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared PAULINE G. SCHINDLER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PUBLISHER of the CARMELITE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher PAULINE G. SCHINDLER, CARMEL
Editor PAULINE G. SCHINDLER, CARMEL
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2. That the owner is:
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4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signature of publisher,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18 day of OCTOBER 1928.

[SEAL.]

L. S. SLEVIN.

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